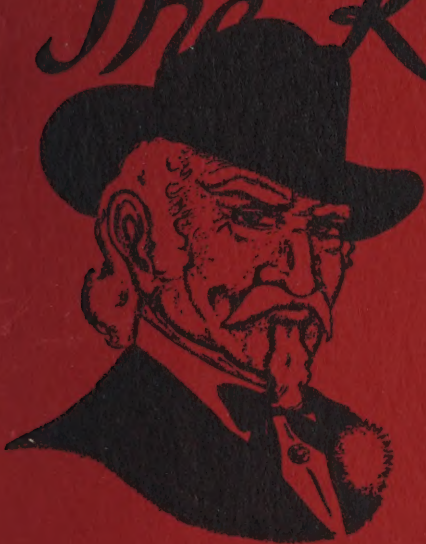


The Kentucky Colonel



THE STUDENT MAGAZINE OF THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

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ESSAYS

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Since we moved into the classroom

ESSAYS

IT HAS BEEN A BLAST,
BUT I AM READY TO STEP DOWN

Tom Scoggins - Grade 12

Since October of '71, WKCR has been operating as the radio voice of the Kentucky School for the Blind--The Rock of Crescent Hill. The original idea for the station was to provide music and news to the student body of this school; however, we have done far more than that. In addition to the students, there are staff members who listen to us on a regular basis and we appreciate this. As program director I have tried to draw up a format by which we could reach people of all ages and still keep one general sound. From all the comments we have received, they agree that we have done this. Joe Martin will take over my position as program director next year, and from what I hear it should be exciting. The best of luck to you, Joe, and all the rest of the staff and management of WKCR. Thanks for listening.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Terry Strader - Grade 12

Since we moved into the classroom

building in 1964, there have been many changes in our library. We have many new materials to work with, and what we think are lots of good ideas. Since I started working in 1965, it has grown by leaps and bounds. Many more books, both braille, large type and recorded books, have made it possible for me to enjoy reading even more. Our tape collection has expanded, especially the number of cassettes we now have. Our magazine corner has more to offer than ever before--sports, health, general news--just to name a few areas. One of the most interesting things I did was to put on tape a description of displays used on our exhibit table. I have enjoyed just getting to know more about books. I have learned where and how to find books, to use the card catalog, work at the circulation desk, handle incoming and outgoing mail and generally how to keep a library in order. When I borrow a book in the future, I will stop and think of how much trouble it takes to get it ready for me to read..

ATHLETIC BANQUET

Jeffrey Curtis - Grade 12

I have been to many athletic banquets in my life, but this one meant more to me because I am graduating this year and it will be my last one at KSB. It is good for all the wrestlers that the season is over so we were able to enjoy the fine food. The speaker this year is a man who is experienced as a participant, coach and official in wrestling. He has spent his entire life in athletics. There is always the excitement of awards presentations at the annual athletic banquet.

ATHLETICS

Karen Deaton - Grade 10

The National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations promotes high school athletics all over the country. It was organized in 1920. High schools began to show interest in organized athletics in the 1880's. Early rules, uniforms and methods of playing are very amusing to present-day audiences. Athletics for girls has become very popular. Team sports such as baseball, field hockey, and softball are now enjoyed by many girls in high schools and colleges. Girls also take part in

individual sports, including tennis, skiing, swimming and many others. Winning prizes or championships is not as important as the recreation and fun gained from these sports. Athletics provides exercise which helps the young person to grow and develop. They also aid in keeping the adult healthy. Participation in athletics stirs up the blood, develops the muscles and stimulates the appetite. Athletic games build strong healthy bodies, but they should be supervised carefully.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Joe Martin - Grade 9

Since January, a psychology class has been taught at our school. This class has covered a variety of subjects. The group has dealt with Freud, and other men who were pioneers in the field as well as psychology used in every day life. I think psychology is a very interesting class and it is opening new doors for me. I am beginning to understand why I do many of the things I do. We have read about and discussed various mental mechanisms which everyone uses. Sometimes the class is rather

painful. Everyone thinks he understands himself, but after seeing some of the facts my opinion has changed. Sometime it is hard to really admit one's bad points. However, I think it is very valuable to know how you are affected by others, and how others are affected by you. Man does not know all there is to know about the mind, but what we do know now can be used constructively in dealing with people in everyday situations.

MY LIFE AS A FLUTE

Barbara Coy - Grade 9

My life as a flute is not a very happy one. I have talked to some of my fellow flute friends and they seem to enjoy life to the fullest, but I have had so many unpleasant happenings in my life that I just tend to dislike it. Let me tell you some of them. I sometimes have to get very close to these weird looking creatures that seem to have arms and legs instead of a straight normal looking body like mine, and I can very often tell what they have had for lunch. I think they call themselves people. Well, anyway, back to my unhappy

life. Another thing these people do that is most painful and irritating. They pound on me with their fingers and then get angry when I let out a squeak or two. If they would just stop and think how it feels to get beat on, they might not get so impatient and slam me down on a chair or something. Why! Just the other day someone sat on me and I am now in the repair shop recovering from all ^{am} my dents and scratches. So what I really ^{am} trying to say is, "Do unto flutes as you would have them do unto you."

THE WEATHER

David Jackson - Grade 9

Weather is sometimes a pleasant thing, and sometimes it is not. It can be of many types--warm, cold, cloudy, rainy, snowy, very hot and humid, and mild. The kind of weather I enjoy the most is that which is nice, sunny, and warm and usually comes in the spring of the year. When the weather is like this, I can do one of the things I enjoy--take long walks through the streets in our neighborhood. Sometimes weather seems unusual to me because of the many quick changes it may go through--from

extremely warm to bitter cold, for example.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A WINNER

Karen Pickare - Grade 9

After the Sports Car Rally was over, we had a big supper. After that the points were counted. I got first place in the Braille Class. I scored 193 points. I was so excited I did not know what to do. I did not expect to win a prize. My trophy was the tallest. I just could not believe it. It seemed like it was a dream. This was the first trophy I had ever won. I was very pleased with myself. I guess this was one of my lucky days.

BASKETBALL

Joe Martin - Grade 9

Basketball was invented in 1871 by James Naismith, an instructor at the Young Men's Christian Association College in Springfield, Massachusetts. He wanted a game that could be played during the winter months, and came up with basketball. He hung a peach basket on the wall of the gymnasium and divided his class into two

teams. The object of the game was to see which side could toss a soccer ball into the peach basket the most number of times. Luther Gullick, who asked Naismith to create a winter indoor sport, is credited with making the rules for the game and getting it sanctioned by the Athletic Association. (Amateur Athletic Association) Basketball is played in high school, college and professionally. It is probably one of the fastest and most popular sports in America today.

MANNERS TO OLDER PEOPLE

Charles Link - Grade

Good manners require that young people show special consideration for older people. Such courtesies include opening doors for them, standing until they give you permission to be seated, rising when an older person enters the room for the first time, being careful not to interrupt when someone else is talking (which applies at all age levels), and asking permission before leaving the room. It costs nothing to have good manners or to be courteous to others; for good manners and simple acts help to lighten the lives of all with whom

you come in contact.

SPORTS CARS CAN BE FUN

Mike Ward - Jr. High

May 20 was an exciting day at our school. Some of us entered a sports car rally, and I won it. This means that I read the instructions in large type. I told my driver how fast and where she should go. There were six check points in the race. I am happy that I won. I hope we have a car race every year. I also hope the drivers had fun and will want to come back. The race was seventy-one miles long.

STORY OF MY TURTLE

Scott Townsley - Jr. High

I had a little turtle for about two weeks. I took him outside for some sunshine. He got away from me. I looked all over for him and couldn't find him. I went in the house sad and told my mother. A week later, a man was chopping down his weeds in his back yard. There was my turtle. He was three times bigger than he was when I lost him, because he had snails and nice

fat worms to eat.

A PET I HAD

Time Potter - Junior High

One day my father took me to the pet shop to get a parakeet. When I got there, I got a blue one. I took him home in a box. I had a parakeet cage at home, so when we got there I put him in it. He explored all over the cage. One day in October, my mother turned him out of his cage so he could get some exercise. She forgot and opened the door and he went out over her head. When my dad came in from work, he saw him in a tree. That night when he came back to get the bird it was gone so I got another one. I still have him.

I WAS A TEENAGE CAR

Randall Haycraft

I was in the showroom one day when a man came and said, "I'd like to buy that '58 Chevy." When we pulled out of the showroom, a man hit me in the back and wrecked my back glass. My owner was a bad man and didn't fix me. I got all rusty and never worked again. I lived and died a

teenage car.

KYSOC

1964-1967

The following comments were made by some of the children who went to Camp Kysoc:

Camp Kysoc was really fun for Elementary groups I through VI. We were divided-- each group was assigned to an Indian Village. We had so much fun, in fact, that several girls cried all the way back to school because they did not want to leave.

--Vincent Stiles

I It was such fun, fishing, swimming, boating, hiking and climbing! I was so happy that I am going back next summer.

--Barbara Martin

My favorite activity at Camp Kysoc was making ice cream--I had four dishes of it. I made seed-pictures and necklaces.

--Mary Elisabeth Hollon

GROUP CONTRIBUTION

Amid cheers that would have done justice to a Derby crowd, Charles Wootton's turtle,

Tim, won the "Run for the Roses." Charley got the "blanket of roses," a blue ribbon, and he had his picture taken with his winning turtle. One night each village "roughed it" by cooking its own supper over a campfire. It was difficult to find a dry campsite and enough dry wood to start a campfire.

Other interesting activities included climbing into a tree house, hay-rides, camp-outs, cowboy and Indian fights with squirt guns, crafts and group singing and dramatics.

BOOK REPORTS

WHEELS OF FAME AND FURY by - Jackie Stewart

Jackie Stewart is a famous race driver from Australia. In his book, he describes his breakthrough into the "big time." He talks about his fellow drivers in a very honest way. Stewart has raced on almost every track in his circuit. After every practice session or race he wrote notes and dated them. His book was compiled from these notes.

Joe Martin - Gr.9

THE CROSS AND THE SWITCHBLADE

by - David Wilkerson

David Wilkerson was a country preacher who decided to get involved. He was reading Life Magazine, where he saw a sketched picture of seven teen-age boys who were on trial for the murder of a boy named Mike Farmer, who was an epileptic. It tells how he gets involved with several of New York's toughest teen-age fighting gangs. It also tells how he starts a teenage ministry and how he helps build a center for the kids who are badly affected by drugs or other horrible things.

Steve Robbins Gr. 9

ADAM OF THE ROAD

by - Elizabeth Gray

"The road's a kind of holy thing," Roger Quartermayne, the great minstrel, told his son, Adam, as they traveled many miles together, singing and telling stories for the entertainment of the people. Roger taught Adam a great deal about being a minstrel and Adam absorbed the knowledge eagerly. Adam faced many exciting and

suspense filled moments in this award winning novel. Once he rescued some people from a robbery by informing Sir Adam Gurdon, the bailiff of Farnham. Another time, Adam swam across the river to get his dog that had been stolen and he and his father were separated for about six months.

As Adam grew older and wiser, he realized more and more that what his father had said was quite true. He found the road a home for a minstrel and loved it because it brought all kinds of people and all parts of England together.

Beverly Bungenstock

ON THE BEACH

by - Nevil Shute

Lieutenant Commander Peter Holmes was an American naval officer. An atomic bomb had been set off, and the fall-out had killed all the people in the United States and Europe. Lieutenant Commander Holmes was in Australian waters with his submarine so, since everyone had been killed, this left him in command of the United States Navy. All the people in Australia knew that they would soon die from radiation sickness. This book tells how the people tried to live

a normal life even though it was going to be a short one. They knew that the wind would blow some of the radio-active dust down to their part of the world and then they would die. Lieutenant Commander Holmer decided rather than watch his men suffer and die, he would take his ship out to the ocean and sink it. The girl who was in love with Holmes stood on the beach and watched him leave forever. She knew that her family was going to die, and that she also would die. On the Beach is a very frightening book because it tells how men can destroy themselves. If we fight an atomic war, it would destroy all of our friends, as well as our enemies.

David Jackson GR 9

THIS WOMAN WANTED

by - Rae Foley

This Woman Wanted is a thrilling suspense story about a girl who knew that no disguise would protect her forever, that at any time she might walk right into a trap set by her enemies. The main character of this book, Helen Gate, played a very exciting part. Because the police suspect-

ed her of murdering her husband, whom she had recently married, she was forced to go into hiding for several months. Those who like stories that move along quickly and that have a lot of adventure and suspense will enjoy this book.

Barbara coy - Grade 9

ALAS BABYLON
by - Pat Frank

A story of thought and mental pain, Alas Babylon has the thought behind it that would cause a sane person to dream of the death of the world by an atomic war. What happened to the little town in Florida could really happen to the earth in our time. All of the people are realistic. The author gives a very clear picture of the atomic war and the immediate future following that war. He makes it clear that it is not necessary to kill an entire world over one incident.

Peggy Stokes - Gr. 12

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH
by Charles Dickens

The Perrybingle's home life is told in

this tale by Dickens. It explains how life together as man and wife is not always heavenly as some people expect it to be. Every life has its bad as well as its good times, and the Peerybingles life was no exception to this rule. John and Dot Peerybingle remember their best times as being at home together sitting on the cricket (a little wooden stool) which sat on the hearth. There was a time, though, that John thought Dot was being untrue to him and he almost left her. After they talked things over he found out that Dot truly loved him and that the other man was just an old schoolmate. This situation between the two of them made each learn to trust the other and respect each other's needs more.

Beverly Bungenstock Gr 11

THE LATHE OF HEAVEN
by Ursula K. LeGuin

A frightened man, George Lrr, has discovered that he has the power of "effective dreaming." Because of his concern, he consults a psychiatrist, Dr. Haber, who tries to help the "mild-mannered" Lrr

through hypnosis. He also attempts to help Lrr with electronic devices. The psychiatrist makes an effort to have him create a world of peace with himself. Lrr reluctantly allows him to experiment with the project, but when things start going wrong, he tries to obtain the help of a lawyer, Heather Lelache, for "legal redress." What happens after that is a "clash of wills," with Lrr desperately trying to remain in his new-found "destructive capacity." There are not many writers who have shown "the drama of man's ideals," at war with his "tragic fallibility." The Lathe of Heaven is the desperate quest for peace within one's self.

Kathy Johnson Gr 12

I PLAY TO WIN
by Fred Stinemark

Fred Stinemark was in a hospital in Houston, Texas when he wrote this book. It was 1970 and he was dying. He had a brain tumor which could not be removed. Stinemark was a football player for the University of Texas Longhorns, and was a defensive safety. In this book, Stinemark

talks about winning and what it takes to do so. He only has a few months to live and he knows it. This makes it a very interesting book because he is completely honest about his life and college football. This would be interesting reading for almost anyone, even if they are not sports fans.

Joe Martin Grade 9

THE JACKAL'S HEAD
by Elizabeth Peters

The story, The Jackal's Head, involves a girl, who, after ten years of living in New York, returned to Egypt to seek out the tomb of Nefertiti. Her father was a famous archaeologist, who had supposedly discovered this tomb before his death. This excellent and thrilling novel by Elizabeth Peters tells of this girl's frightening and terrifying experiences in this search, along with two archaeologists, one of whom she does not trust. Two mysterious friends also add to the suspense of this novel. The reader will enjoy the mystery and excitement of this book, and also learn many interesting facts about Egyptology.

Barbara Coy Gr 9

THE WILD, WILL WEST

by James Lyn

The Wild, wild west was put together by James Lyn to talk about the western "heroes." In this book, Lyn talks about such people as Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, Bat Masterson, Jesse James and many others. The reader gets the strong impression that Mr. Lyn does not look up to these heroes at all. Sarcasm is constantly used in this book to tell what Lyn calls the real story of our heroes of the Wild, Wild West.

Joe Martin, Gr. 9

Editor's Note:

Due to an unfortunate oversight, the following article by Kathy Johnson, a graduating Senior, failed to appear in the May issue of The Kentucky Colonel. We include it here with our sincere apologies to Kathy.

(Senior Sketch)

Everyone knows that it is a great privilege to be a senior. I, of course, also believe this is true. I was enrolled at the Kentucky School for the Blind when

I was six years old and have had the pleasure of reaching the point of graduation. Most of my activities here have been centered around the different facets of music. These include band, chorus, piano and voice. My plans after graduation are uncertain, although I am thinking of going to college.

Kathy Johnson

POETRY

MY UNKNOWN EARS

I hear the termites walking back and forth.
 I hear the Devil cussing out his slaves.
 I can hear the pigeon pecking his food ten blocks away.
 I can hear the pigeon brushing his beak many miles away.
 I can hear the paper yelling when I write on it.
 I can hear the pencil and paper arguing.
 I can hear my bed breathing at night.
 I hear the toothpaste and toothbrush communicating in the medicine cabinet.
 I can hear Mr. Glass thinking when he is reading my work,
 he says what way-out sentences this kid writes.

Scott Townsley

LISTENING

I can hear the animals talk whenever I choose
I can hear the book talk.

I can hear everything I want to whenever
I want.

I can hear the trees talk to the water and
the water talking to the fire.

Everyone can hear what they want whenever
they want to, but people hear everything
differently and who am I or who are you
to say what they are thinking.

--Mike Ward

TWO PEAS IN A POD

Oliver: Hey, Hank, wake up! Your pod cord
is cutting off my water.

Hank: What time is it?

O: Oh, about 10:00.

H: How do you know?

O: The dew just dried off my pod.

H: I have been thinking, and in about
ten days we're going to be picked.

O: I can't wait!

H: What do you mean?

O: Do you have any idea how miserable
it is sharing a pod with you?

H: I thought we had a good pea pod
relationship.

O: You are always complaining about
how cold the water is or how hot

it is. It is. And your transpiration
odor is terrible. I'll tell you,
I can't wait till we're picked.

Bret Wilson

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I recently moved into a house which people had said was haunted, but I merely laughed at the idea; until one morning, I walked downstairs and then I saw it. An eerie looking figure dressed in metal and strips of cocunut shells was sitting on the stove in the middle of the burner which was turned on full flame. Then he or whatever you may want to consider it got up, switched on the stove walked toward the door-creep, creen, creen and snap, crackle, pop as the strips of coconut shells fell to his feet and turned to foot long caterpillars; they followed him to the front door, paused behind him as he turned and looked at me and said, "I'll be seeing you later." That's when I promptly moved out.

--Beverly Bungenstock.

ON WRESTLING

I walk onto the mat
The crowd chants

a low roar in
my headgear.

There is the man
in black pants and black and white shirt
A gleaming whistle around his neck.

My opponent is there, too.

I reach across and shake hands with him

The grip is firm--

he want to impress me.

Then we face off,

The whistle blows

and the match

has begun.

CO--Jeffrey Curtis

WHEN

When I was delivered

at my people's house

I came in a box as a seed

with six other seeds.

The way we came was that

the mother had to plant the seeds.

When I started to sprout,

my mother had to put sugar on me.

So I would not be sour

When I was in full bloom.

Well, I had just started

to bloom when the sun turned

pink and then my world opened up.

--Cecelia Cain

MY NEW EARS

MY SECRET EARS

I just found my neglected ears.	I can hear the wind blow,
I can hear anything-- like worms slim and slither through the sand.	and the things that you think, the love spilling like milk,
I can hear the fish swim through the sea.	the blood pumping from vein to vein, the muscles moving
I can hear the sap flowing through the branches of trees.	from place to place. I can hear what Mr. Glass is think-
I can hear my thoughts.	ing about. He is thinking about wild
--Cecelia Cain poetry. --Billy Wright	

LIMERICKS

Beverly Bungenstock - Grade 11

I once knew a boy named Peter
Who looked like a parking meter.
You stick in a dime
He'd note the right time
As to when and where to meet her.

I went to the doctor to see
Just what was the matter with me.

He looked in my throat
and said, "Holy goat!"
You need a tonsillectomy.

I fell in love with the boy next door,
But he considered me quite a bore.
Staying pretty and slim
Wouldn't even tempt him;
So I said goodby and ate more.

SOPHOMORE PUZZLE

Who said these?

"Living youth never neglects."

"Birds all read nothing every year."

"Dear Aunt Ruth,"

Bright red eagles never do anything."

"Be understanding for others' respective
desires."

"Will I listen like I am most sincere?"

"Charity has a rather lonely economic source."

"Doughnuts, eclairs, and toffee outlawed
now!"

"Many a dame eats lightly or nothing."

"May all learning come out like music."

"Golden lemons are simply scrumptious."

"Easy living is zero at betting entirely
too hard."

"Loneliness is never killed."

"Kudus adore roasted elephant noses."
 "By request, entertaining these types,
 we invite lonely sisters or nuns."
 "Happy and young - never enough sense."
 "Roger eats little lilacs!"

SONNET

Beverly Bungenstock--Grade 11

Who is this man who's such a mystery?
 Where does he live? The sky I have been
 told.
 He's mentioned in books all through history,
 In a mansion of glory made of gold.
 There are stories in which He can do all:
 Make a lame man walk, and a blind man see,
 Make a river dry, or a mountain small,
 And walk on the waters of Galilee.

This man is human like me and like you.
 He feels pleasure, pain, and sorrow within;
 He has His good times, and His bad ones, too,
 The latter comes when people like us sin.

His name's not Greg, Ronald, or even Todd,
 He's Jesus, son of the Almighty God.

STRANGE

I slid down the steps of my bed. I

flew to the drain pipe and slidded up it.
I landed on the ground of the bedroom wall.

My mom started crawling after me. I walked
across the window and into a mouse hole
and played a game of ice tea with an
elephant. I won by three pounds.

All of a sudden I grew very wide awake and
said good mornin to the old grandma watch
who was just striking the hour with a club
for being out so late.

Then I twisted me self up and drilled a
square in the ceiling so I wouldn't have
to climb so far to my worm.

I got on my worm and was off to dream
some more.

Cecelia Cain

THE ONE I LOVE

Her smile is like a python's love;
Her hands are like hawk's claws;
Her hair is like sandpaper;
Her eyes are like laser beams;
Her ears are like worm's ears;

Her tears are like acid drops;
 Her legs are like an ostrich;
 She talks like a spider's silky,
 sticky, spinning web.

Freshman Class

KSB Is. . .

Getting stuffed in a bird cage in
 the radio station;

Being afraid of going in the chapel
 where the skelton was,

Sneaking twinkies and ding dongs into
 your room,

A grapevine...in wrestling...and in talk,

Throwing records at the Printing House
 guards,

Study hall from seven to eight. (Don't
 be late!),

Playing the flute outside in the spring,

Almost a past.

Freshman Class

WORMS

Once when

I was little

I ate a worm

it was a wormy sort of
worm

it slithered and slid

all down my throat

in the third grade

Stanley

got a worm stuck up his nose

boy was Mrs. Kringle

mad

one night at supper I

asked Mom if boiled worms

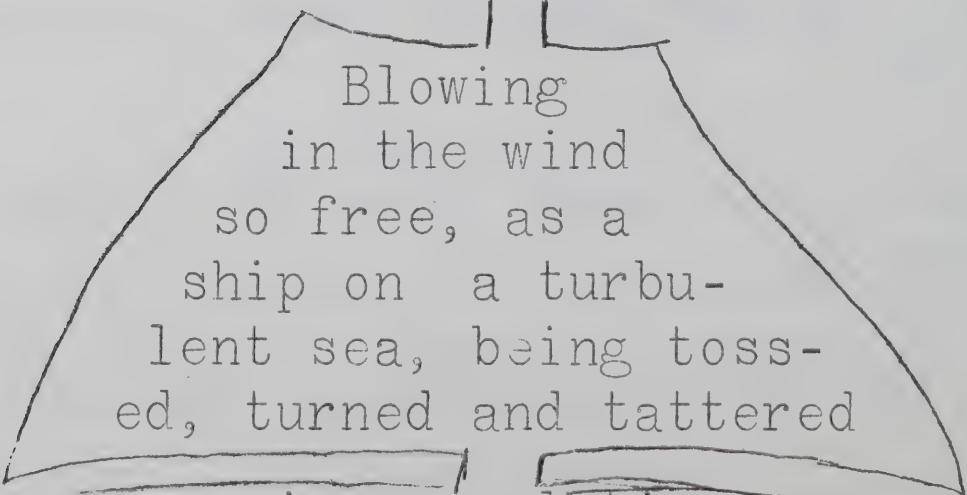
tasted like the spaghetti we

were eating

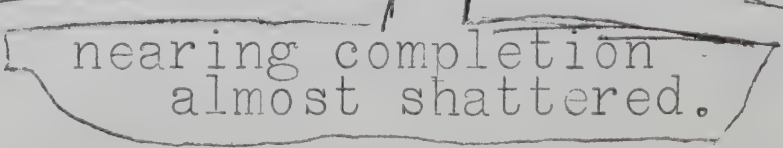
she sure has a weak stomach.

✓ Eric Stamm

MY THOUGHTS

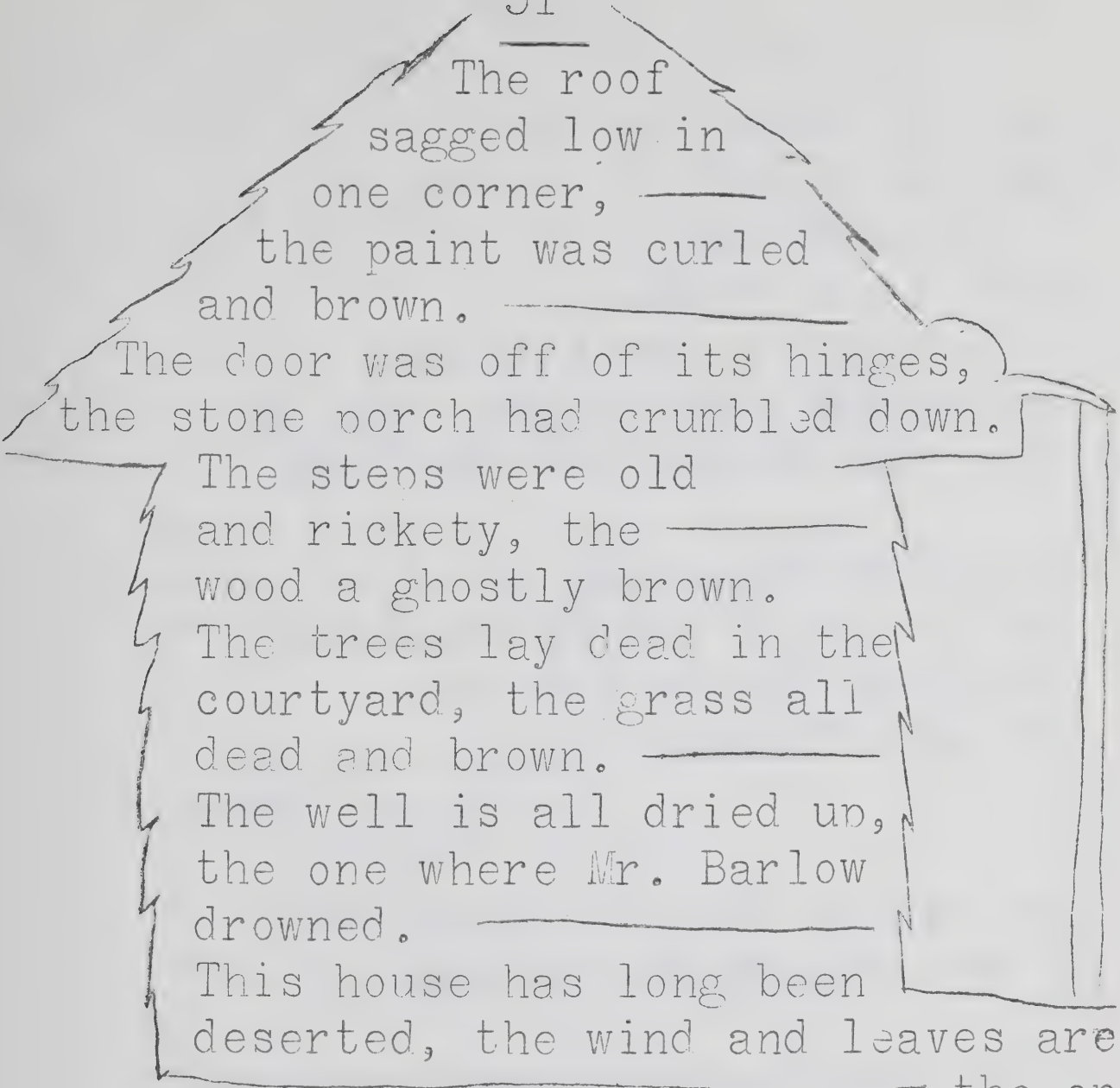


Blowing
in the wind
so free, as a
ship on a turbu-
lent sea, being toss-
ed, turned and tattered



nearing completion
almost shattered.

-Eric Stam



The roof
sagged low in
one corner,
the paint was curled
and brown.

The door was off of its hinges,
the stone porch had crumbled down.

The steps were old
and rickety, the
wood a ghostly brown.

The trees lay dead in the
courtyard, the grass all
dead and brown.

The well is all dried up,
the one where Mr. Barlow
drowned.

This house has long been
deserted, the wind and leaves are
the only
sound

--Eric Stamm

ZOO STORY

If I were an elephant
I'd grow and grow and grow.
I'd stomp and trumpet at the same time.
I'd make such a racket
Everyone would come out

And I'd stomp on them
Because they'd be trying to
capture me
Just to be mean.
I'd swing my trunk around
And break the windows,
Grab the people and eat them.

Then I'd turn pink
And I'd be a lovely elephant
And look like a big bush
of pink flowers.

Kathleen O'Banion

One bright and beautiful day,
I saw you coming my way,

With your hair so long and blond,
you really turned me on.

With your teeth a beautiful white,
my eyes were sparkling bright.

With our minds on the same track,
there was nothing to turn me back.

With your eyes sparkling, too,
I missed kissing you.

With your hand clinched in mine,
It really made me feel fine.

With your lips a tingling pink,
you really make me think.

With a feeling I am really missing,
all the time hugging and kissing.

That last night was such a delight,
All the wrongs turned to right.

Richard Barnhart

Charles Link

MODERN ROMANCE

I love you very dearly,
And for that love I pay;
A price that's so much greater
Than you would dream, each day.

I'm teased because I love you,
And since you don't love me;
It makes it even harder
For me to be happy.

Some say I'm too young to love,
They'll say that you'll hurt me;
But some day you'll understand
Our love was meant to be.

--Charla Bain

Who do you think I am? I'll bet you can't guess. Well, I'll tell you. I am Judy the elephant. I have a long trunk; I take my food in it.

I love to walk in the hot African lands. It's groovy, man, groovy. I hate bees because they like to sting my lovely trunk. I just got stung. Oh, My trunk.'

I love to sleep at night with myself covered by the loving straw I can find or a nice cool mud puddle.

When I eat I put my trunk down and I pull up my food and put it in my mouth. I can't breathe. Help! I open my mouth and put out my tongue; then I put my trunk with all that food in my mouth and swallow.

--Kathy Stokes

LONELINESS

Walking puzzled through the summer rain
Wondering if I'll ever speak again
Missing the wonderful thrills of talking
Just sitting here puzzled and gawking

My friends are telling wild stories
 While I have lost one of my glories
 Sitting here on a stepping stone
 Feeling depressed and all alone

Trying to live a happy life
 Knowing that nothing is going right
 Trying to do the best I can
 Knowing the inability to talk again
 Charles Link

BEAUTY

There's a lot of beauty in this world,
 Trees lining the sides of valleys and hills,
 Their leaves spread like a peacock's tail
 Waves splashing on the shore
 Turning up pretty painted shells,
 And a sailboat with its white sail
 and the clear and blue sky above it.
 Sea gulls soar high in circles.
 Eagles with their broad white tipped
 wings arched across the blueness of
 the sky.

Yes, and the best of all, a rainbow.

Richard Barnhart
 Gr 8

RECORD REVIEW

Tom Scoggins - Grade 12

Progressive music is one of the most interesting and complex forms of music played on radio today. Some people find it "a lot of nonsense," but if you listen carefully you can extract quite a lot from it.

An English group, "Pink Floyd," has a new album called "The Dark Side of the moon." The single, "Money," which is now being played on most of the top radio stations is featured here. "Money," however, is the only song on the album which could be put out on a single. The remaining songs are heavy progressive compositions which must be listened to more than once to get the real effect. Other tracks include "Speak to Me," "On the Run," "Time," "The Great Gig in the Sky," and others.

If you happen to be interested in album covers, you will find the Dark Side of the Moon very interesting. The cover shows a beam of light being refracted into the spectrum through a prism only to be changed back into the original beam on the back cover.

"Focus," a group from Switzerland, also has a new album on the market called "Moving Waves." The material on this album

is for the most part down-beat and mellow, with the exception of the track "Hocus Pokus," which was the single and goes. Other tracks include "le Choclard, Janis, Moving Waves, and Focus II." Although Focus has a lead singer, Thijs VanLeer, most of their music is instrumental. If you are not acquainted with this group, you should hear a few of the selections on this album.

Progressive music is as complex as the listener can make it, but you must listen carefully or you will become hopelessly lost.

SHORT STORY

WHERE IS JUSTICE?

As he stepped on the smooth cobble floor of the long, dark, gloomy hall, he pulled at the two guards whose hands held him firmly to keep him from running back down the hall. He tried not to show the fear that had welled up inside him, but it kept bubbling up into his throat and out of his every pore.

The solemn procession stopped at the heavy cast-iron door. It was then that he was able to remember that day five years

ago when he had been on his way to the office.

The day was dismal, dark and rainy. His spirits were low as he ran down the block to catch the 6:30 bus. About the middle of the block, he tripped and sprawled head-long into a puddle of oozy squishy mud. He immediately brought himself to his knees and looked back over his shoulder at what he had tripped over. At first with the mud in his eyes it seemed to be a very large stick, then as he wiped the mud from his eyes he saw that what he had tripped over was, in fact, a man's leg.

He gripped the man's leg and pulled. The bushes parted and the body of a man about 6'3" weighing about 300 pounds slid through the opening and onto the sidewalk. His head hung sideways with warm wet blood still oozing out from under the collar where a pen knife was still inserted. He pulled the knife out of the neck and threw it in the gutter.

A strong, firm hand clamped down on his shoulder. He stood up and turned around all in one motion, throwing the policeman directly into the path of a speeding car. The driver lost control of the car as he slammed into the policeman and collided

with a telephone pole. The uninjured driver was thrown twenty or thirty feet from the car. Before the dazed driver could regain his senses, the innocent victim of circumstances fled into the early morning traffic rush of the city. He had left New York and fled to other cities. He had been on the run for four and a half years, but was finally captured, arrested and thrown into jail.

Two months later, he was tried and found guilty. The judge then issued the sentence..the death penalty. He had acted like most men, screaming, trying to get at the judge and then had been thrown back into a cell--only this one was on death row.

The iron door opened and the two guards dragged him through. They sat him in the chair and strapped his feet and arms down. The wires were attached and the red button was pushed. He could hear the turbines starting to turn over. A man dressed in black stepped toward the chair.

As he came forward, he could see that he was a very large man, and he was the chaplain. He put his hand on his shoulder and then turned and walked across the room. "He is ready," he said. These were his only

words. The door was fastened and he was now by himself in a small glass tube. He saw solemn faces looking at him through the window, then go up to the lever and grasp it. He started to bring it down, but the chaplain's heavy arm smashed into the lever sending it back up. Then the door of the cube opened and the chaplain walked in. His only words were, "You have a very good lawyer, sir...he managed to prove you innocent. You now have a Legal Stay of Execution."

--Eric Stamm

